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The Evening World First.

Number of columns of advertising in
the Evening World during the
first nine months 1904..... 10,652 1/2

Number of columns of advertising in
the Evening World during the
first nine months 1903..... 8,285 1/2

Increase..... 2,367

No other six-day paper, morning or evening, in New York
EVER carried in regular editions in nine consecutive months
such a volume of display advertising as the Evening World
carried during the first nine months 1904.

IN THREE YEARS THE EVENING WORLD HAS
MOVED TO THE FIRST PLACE.

SPEED MADNESS SUSTAINED.

Justice Smith having refused to issue an order enjoining the automobile speed trials, there can be no judicial barrier to the contest which, in the words of one of the competitors, "no prudent chauffeur can win," and which the warning voice of another pronounces "suicidal." The races have full legal sanction and the action of the Supervisors in authorizing them is sustained.

It will remain for the next Legislature to repeal the statute which by placing anything in the State at the disposal of automobile manufacturers for advertising purposes, to the interruption of business and with risk to life, is clearly detrimental to the public interest. The law in effect lays an embargo on traffic at the whim of the complainant or subservient officials of any county and is obviously antagonistic to the public welfare.

Quite apart from the result of to-day's races, the preliminary trials, which have cost one life and revealed a French chauffeur covering the thirty-mile course in thirty minutes, have borne witness to a contempt on the part of the Nassau Supervisors of well understood public sentiment on the question of automobile speed restraints which must be regarded as extraordinary as it is likely to be unique. After this demonstration of its evils the public highway speed contest can have no repetition on the roads of New York.

"Modifying" the Law.—In a discussion of the dangers of fast racing in east side halls and assembly rooms, Supt. Hopper, of the Buildings Bureau, is reported by the Tribune as saying: "The law now requires a space of thirty-two inches between seat-back and seat-back. Provided, however, the aisles are wide, we permit an inch or so margin less than this distance. We are paying especial attention to the aisles." The theory that when the provisions of a law appear too stringent they may be "modified" at an official's pleasure is one that obtains very largely. It is a pernicious theory which should not be countenanced.

THE NIGHT HAWK AUTO.

Automobiles careering through the city streets at night on a fast and erratic course are sufficiently familiar sights. It does not require the hilarity and boisterous behavior of their occupants to evidence the fact that a reckless and unsteady hand is on the steering wheel. Among police blotter entries of the evening of the Jerome avenue smash-up was the record of the arrest of a chauffeur "who did not appear to have control either of himself or of his machine;" of a doctor's car "borrowed" by a chauffeur for a night's outing, and of various arrests for violation of the speed law.

The assumption that speed restrictions become inoperative after nightfall and that with vehicular traffic removed from the streets they are excusable for "letting the machine out" is general among night-riding chauffeurs. When to this license of conduct is added "a round of drinks at a lot of places," to quote the admission of a survivor of the Jerome avenue accident, the conditions favor such an end for scores of nocturnal pleasure trips in automobiles from which this differed only in its disastrous outcome.

The half-drunk, risk-taking night chauffeur is not only a menace to his own safety and that of his party, but a peril to all pedestrians. He is a public nuisance which the police should take energetic measures to abate.

ELECTRICITY FOR SUBURBAN TRANSIT.

The promise of electrical transit on the short-haul lines of the Long Island Railway is a promise of higher speed, greater cleanliness, diminished discomfort and better facilities for lighting and heating cars, for which the community will be grateful.

If their costly equipment of locomotives could be disposed of advantageously it is likely that all the important railroads terminating in New York would provide their suburban passengers with a modern electric service. The step to be taken by the Long Island fore-shadows the inevitable approach of the day when the change must be made regardless of cost. The delay in the adoption of electric motive power for use in the foul tunnels of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, the Erie and the Lackawanna evidences a disregard by those roads of their patrons' interests.

It is significant of the extraordinary advance made in electrical traction that in Germany, where only two per cent. of the street railways are operated by other means, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first electric road there has just been celebrated. Progress on these lines in this country has reached its present culmination for city traffic in the elevated and subway systems. The possibilities of development in electric railways designed to compete directly with steam roads are shown in the Aurora, Elgin and Chicago line. This line, with its 80-pound rails, heavily ballasted track and powerful motor cars, gives a fast service surpassing that of its steam rivals and pointing the way to the need of the adoption on the old roads of improvements such as the Long Island has under way as a measure of protective policy.

AN ALTERNATIVE.

If business is slack and success you can't score, And if buyers persist in just passing your store, Don't weep and curse Fate just because you are short, Or talk of revolvers and Bankruptcy Court. One word of advice should suffice for the wise. The trouble with you is you don't advertise. If a few little "ads" in World Wants you will try A half million people will read and some buy.

WILLIE WISE Gene Carr's Brainy Kid Gives Tip on Gallantry.



Advantages of Being Plain.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith



Nixola Greeley-Smith.

EVERY woman wants to be beautiful, and so far as the effect on herself is concerned, the "fatal gift of beauty" is indeed the greatest the gods can confer. But judged by its influence on others the advantage is less unimpaired. The prettiest women we know rarely make the best marriages, as they certainly should do if men placed the value on personal appearance that poets and artists would have us believe. Even the very poet who sings of the haunting slenderness of some intangible lady of dreams will turn around and marry some dumpy, shapeless candidate for the soap factory, and the artist whose magic fingers bring to life the vanished beauties of Cleopatra or Thetis, will jog merrily through life with some comfortable little nonentity whose every feature defies all the canons of his art.

For though all men admire beauty, it by no means follows that they are bound to love it. The admiration of beauty is distinctly an aesthetic feeling and love, generally speaking, is not a particularly aesthetic emotion. A plain woman, when she is loved at all, can always be certain that she is loved a great deal, while a pretty one on the contrary, knowing that there are a great many reasons why a man should seek her society other than because he loves her, cannot lay such flattering unction to her soul.

If the pretty woman is in love and is speculating as to the degree of affection she inspires, she is very apt to sum the anxious catalogue of her charms thus: "I am pretty and clever and young, and I am a good housewife. There are none of them reasons why he should love me. Only why he should seek my society."

The plain woman, on the contrary, may say to herself: "I am neither pretty, nor clever, nor young, and yet he seeks my society. He must love me."

Almost any man would rather be seen at the theatre or in a fashionable restaurant with a pretty woman. But that is as far as the admiration of a great number of them goes. They conduct their matrimonial selections with about as much system as a person who has taken a chance on a church festival grab-bag. As a little girl I used cheerfully to surrender 10 cents for a chance on the sets of dolls' furniture, dishes, &c., &c., that the grab-bag was alleged to contain, but I never succeeded in getting any kind of surprise package which did not reveal a one-cent clay pipe, and, perhaps, the candidates for matrimony are not more lucky. Since Love is blind how can it be expected to know a pretty woman from a plain one, anyway?

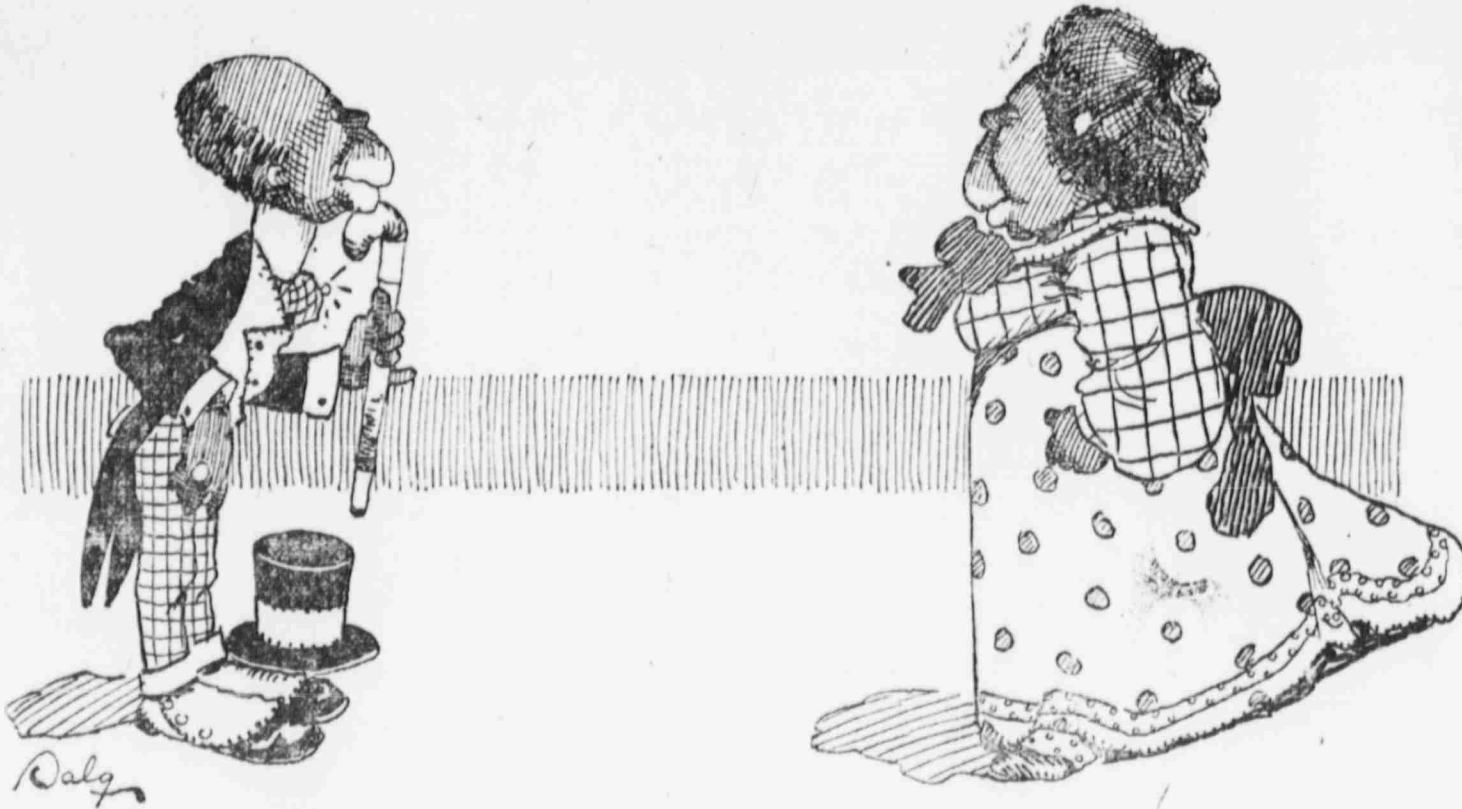
Certainly, a casual survey of one's married friends does not lead one to believe that beauty has anything to do with the fortunate selection of a husband. One does not find the plainest women among the old maids. As a possession calculated to confer the degree of self-satisfaction necessary to complete happiness, the advantages of beauty are indisputable. But as a matrimonial bait for susceptible men it is apt to be overestimated. There are fish which will ignore the most brilliant "fly," yet gobble greedily at an earthworm. And they are not without their prototypes among men.

THE TWO CONS as Glasses of Fashion.

They Chuck a Fine Faimental Bluff—but the Fall Mark of Their Tailor Gives Them Away



The Domestic Goal of Comfort in Darktown.



"KATE," Her lips some rose hush crimsoned Where dewy gardens gleam; Her eyes are like the starlight That twinkles in a dream, Or little waves of sunshine on some amorous stream!

And her heart—what joy is it—What ecstasies of bliss! Time gave a golden minute To weave a dream like this, Of sunlight, starlight, moonlight and the sweetness of a kiss!

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

MRS. BROWN STONE JASPER—Precious to acceptin' mah tender of mah daughter's lily white han', Mistah Twig, I'd laik ter know w'at bad habits you hab.

MR. TWIG IT—Mah sweetest compliments, Mrs. Jasper, an' accept mah assurance dat mah only bad habit at present is de workin' habit, an' I spect to get ober dat when I see married!

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

"He's employed by the railway company now, I understand."

"Yes; he has charge of the puzzle department."

"The what?"

"He makes out the time-tables!"—Chicago Journal.

A WOMAN'S REASON.

"Beg pardon," said the postal clerk, "but you don't have to put a 5-cent stamp on a letter to Canada."

"I know," said the sweet girl, "but the shade of it just matches my envelope, you know!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

POINT OF VIEW.

Mrs. Weeks—There can be no domestic happiness unless there are mutual concessions.

Mrs. Strong—Nonsense! Me and my husband get along all right, and I make him make all the concessions.—Chicago News.

BUT HE'LL GO BACK.

"Say what they will," argued the old sport, "prize fighting is an elevating employment."

"That's not the general impression," replied the cigar salesman.

"Well, didn't it bring the Butte miner up from the eighteenth level?"—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.



A Good Reason for the Masher's Success Lies in Woman's Vanity.

"SEE," said The Cigar Store Man, "that a young woman slapped a masher on the face with her umbrella when he accosted her on Broadway and gave her a bid to a ride in the Park."

"He couldn't have been a real masher," replied The Man Higher Up. "A professional masher who would invite a girl to take a ride in the Park is entitled to a free examination in the cranium exploration department of the psychopathic ward. A ride around the Park in a hansom costs \$2. If a masher should lay himself open to allowing \$3 to escape from him at once he would be fired from the mashers' lodge."

"A professional masher is a shine and a tightwad. His chief disease is cohesion of the bankroll, and it doesn't take very much cohesion to put his bundle into a chunk that you couldn't break with an ice pick. A masher who picks up a foolish sketch on the street and buys her a glass of soda water and gives her a walk through Madison Square congratulates himself on being a spendthrift."

"You hear a lot about the masher business, but there would be no mashers if there were not so many women who fall to a soft con about what swell lookers there are. The ease with which a masher of reasonable pulse can creep a girl on the street and get her to tell her real name in exchange for his phony card is as much of a knockout as a tap on the head with a club."

"When you tell a woman that she is the most perfect piece of work you have seen you have her fooled. That is one of the first things a masher learns. Women spend their lives looking for admiration. They don't care whether it comes from friends or strangers. It would surprise you to know how many nice girls have cards hidden away that they got from men who were self-introduced."

"It's a wonder more mashers don't get slugged," remarked The Cigar Store Man.

"The reason is," said The Man Higher Up, "that a masher hardly ever chooses a girl who looks like she had nerve enough to call him down."

Senator Fair's Economy.

Senator Fair had two marked characteristics—economy and love of joking. He never forgot frugality in his extensive business, and he even made his own economy a subject for humor. Once while pattering around over the Comstock he slipped and started feet first down a deep, narrow shaft. There was a long, continuous ladder reaching to the bottom, with every twelfth rung of iron to strengthen the structure. Down this he sped. "When I found myself sliding down toward the center of the earth," said the Senator, "I thought it was time to begin doing something. So I began to grab at the ladder rungs. As I went down I broke every single one of the wooden sticks. This checked the speed of my fall, and I landed 'bout a thousand feet below, badly shaken up, but not hurt."

"But what did you do when you came to the iron rungs?" he was asked. "Oh, I just skipped 'em. Couldn't afford to break 'em. Wood was cheap, but iron was then durned dear on the Comstock."

A Churchly Auction.

At Kirkham parish church, in England, the greater portion of the pew rents, instead of swelling the exchequer of the church, go into the pocket of private individuals, who for the most part do not attend the church or even reside in the district. The peculiar situation originated in 1823, when, to meet the expenses of rebuilding the church, about forty pews and a few organ seats were put up for auction and realized amounts varying from \$165 to \$300. Another custom yet observed in the district is that of visiting the hives of bees when a death occurs and of whispering the news to the bees and also telling them when the corpse is to be lifted for interment. If this is not done it is urged that bad luck will follow.

Schley's Rebuke.

During the civil war Capt. Schley, then in command of the Monongahela, was sent up to bombard one of the works at Port Hudson. While firing on the fort signals were hoisted on the flag-staff to recall him, but he could not read them and kept on firing until the fort was silenced. When he reported on his return to duty, he said sternly: "Captain, you begin early in life to disobey orders," and when Schley tried to explain about the signals that were seen but could not read, the Admiral said he "wanted none of this Nelson business in his squadron, about not seeing signals." Afterward, however, when in the cabin, the Admiral said to him: "Do it again, whenever in your judgment it is necessary to carry out your conception of duty."

He Is 120 Years Old.

Eighty pots in a claim to possess the oldest person in the world, one Abner J. Siler, who has just turned six score. He remembers Napoleon in Egypt, or says he does, and how he scattered the Mexicans before him "with his whirling sword," more potent than even the prophet's heaven-sent blade. He was born a slave, in Cairo, but is now bearded and taken care of by a great-granddaughter, herself well along in years. Old Abner remembers him as an old man when they were boys, and have no difficulty in believing that he is as aged as he says he is.